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Perryburg People Have Found that This is True.

A cold, a strain, a sudden wrench, a little cause may hurt the kidneys. Spe is of backache often follow. Or some irregularity of the urine. A certain remedy for such attacks. A medicine that answers every call. Is Doan's Kidney Pills, a true specific. Many Perryburg people rely on it. Here is Perryburg proof.

John Carlsted, of Second Street, Perryburg, Ohio, says: "In all my experience with remedies for the kidneys, I never found anything as good as Doan's Kidney Pills. Early last winter I was taken with typhoid fever and when I recovered from it, my kidneys were left in a very bad condition. My back ached so that I could scarcely stoop or straighten after stooping and I was unable to do any work for several months on account of it. To add to the annoying backache, there was a disordered condition of the kidney secretions. I tried several remedies but nothing gave me any permanent relief until I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. The first box gave such relief that I felt encouraged and got a second one, which banished the pain entirely and corrected all other difficulties. I am a strong advocate for Doan's Kidney Pills and have recommended them to others."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND

By WINIFRED GRAHAM.

Behold a man and a woman. A pathway white with the milky pallor of the moon. Shadows lurking on every side, emblematic of their two lives.

Lovers. Oh, yes—or why was her cheek stained red as the roses sleeping within reach of her fingers, which were locked in the man's palm? He tried to speak, but his voice was choked by emotion. This was their good-by.

The woman raised her eyes, her lips and the anguish of parting was forgotten in the ecstasy of a long embrace.

"I shall remember," she whispered; "always! You and I have been more than all the world to each other—you and I!"

These three words were repeated in lingering accents that faltered and ended in a sigh.

"Stay," he answered, passionately. "Life is only an hour; take all that it can give while love is in your soul. To-morrow the summer may be over, the flowers will shrivel up and we shall be old."

"And age spells death," murmured the woman, with a shudder.

The man gazed rapturously at the beauty of her face. How pure it looked in the pale light! What a mask, what a mockery!

Yet, good or evil, he loved her, and the fragrance of the summer night was creeping into his very being; everything spoke of hitherto undreamed possibilities.

"Why must you go?" he asked, fiercely. "You have no tie in New York! Your home? Bah! What is a woman's home before she marries? Stay and be my wife."

The woman withdrew her fingers and passed them over her brow.

The grass was wet with dew, and there were drops of agony upon her forehead.

One word broke hoarsely from her lips: "No!"

"If you love me, why in the name of—"

But she clasped her hands, entreating silence.

"Ask no explanations. Would that I had never come here to lose my soul in yours. I return to-morrow; it is inevitable—I have two things to seek. Heaven only knows if I shall find them."

"What?" he questioned.

"Rest and repentance!"

As she spoke she broke away, rushed wildly on till the shadows hid her white-gowned figure and she was lost in mystery.

The following day she departed and the man saw her no more.

He only treasured a few parched rose leaves and her address in New York city.

But the fire of love burned still in his soul, and at last he wrote to the woman who had said "No."

"I must follow you"—he penned the lines feverishly—"to your home, dearest, and plead again for the love you once gave and afterward denied. Remember your own words: 'We have been all the world to each other—you and I.' Telegraph me the single syllable, 'Come,' and as fast as the cars will bring me I will come to kneel at your feet."

Explained.

Psychological experts paid a visit to the haunted house.

"Did you find ghosts?" one of them was asked.

"Rats!" he exclaimed, not irrelevantly.

CAND CORN AND LUCK

Tale of an Arizona Silver Lode.

"Mistah Corn! Mistah Corn!" shouted a page, threading his way among the tables in the cafe of an up town hotel the other evening.

"Well, even if he has missed a corn he makes more fuss about it than my old friend Cand Corn did when he lost his," remarked an Arizona mining man to his companion. "It's a unique story, and as true as I'm sitting here and that we're going to have an other bottle," he continued.

"Cand Corn's real name was Theophilus Peterson, or something like that. Because he was so tall and scraggly, and looked so much like the breed of cactus we call the Arizona candle we called him at first 'Cand' for short. It was not until recent years that he became known from the Pecos to the Colorado by his full name, Cand Corn that sticks to him yet, though I believe he is touring Europe in his motor car this summer."

"When I first saw Cand I was resting at Brent's trading post, which isn't down on any map, but which looks bigger than New York as it sticks up in desert. Cand was a typical southwestern prospector, luckless and full of hope. He left his tired burro browsing on the bunch grass by the roadside, and after inviting Brent and me to have a drink got down to business."

"Say, Brent," he remarked, "let me have a pair of shoes—biggest you've got."

"Brent looked doubtfully at his feet. 'Must have something,' went on Cand. 'I've been prospectin' for four months, an' you can see for yourself my foot mits is plumb gone. If you can't fix me out I'll have to send to Albuquerque. That's the cuss of havin' the biggest feet in the territory.'

"The largest pair of shoes in the store were palpably too small, but Cand squeezed them on. He had to. His feet were pretty badly cut up already by the sharp stones and cactus."

"Cand laid up at Brent's that night, and as we were both bound the same way, we hit the trail together at dawn next morning. We had to go into camp early that evening on Cand's account. His burning, aching feet refused to move any further. When he got his shoes off he seemed to taste for a few minutes the delights of heaven, but soon his feet began to burn again, and kept it up all night. In the morning he did some artistic scroll sawing with a jackknife before trying to put on his shoes, and provided an outlook on the smiling world for the toes that hurt him worst. Thenceforth his agony was not quite so acute."

"By the time we got to Hillsboro Cand had the choicest assortment of corns that ever grew on any man's feet but after a few days' rest all but one disappeared."

"One day he hobbled over to Mose Sibley's blacksmith's shop."

"Say, Mose, let me have a hammer and a cold chisel for a while, will you? I've got a little repairin' to do."

"Sure," answered Mose. "Help yourself to anythin' in the shop."

"Cand took a big sledge and a cold chisel and went over to a big boulder near the blacksmith's shop. Then he kicked off the sheepskin slipper he had been wearing, and deliberately chiseled off his toe. Of course, he ought to have died of blood poisoning or something of that kind, but he didn't."

"Next morning before breakfast he cided to bury the toe, and started digging its grave. He felt so sore against it that he planned to dig a hole at least six feet deep, put the toe at the bottom, fill the hole with earth and rocks and roll the biggest boulder available on the top of it all."

"He had dug down about three feet when he struck solid rock. He scraped the loose earth and small stones out, thinking it was only a small boulder that he could get rid of in some manner. Then he had a fit of the true miner's ecstasy, for that rock was streaked and veined with native silver until it looked like a jeweler's show window."

"And that's the story of the Canned Corn Mine and the Little Toe Lode in the mining camp of Cornob. Of course you've heard of the enormous wealth of this property. Here's a little sketch map of it, which also shows the claims I have staked out all around it. I'm offering just a few shares to close friends of mine, simply for development purposes. It's the chance of a lifetime—"

"Did Cand bury that toe? Not much! He had it set in silver and wore it as a watch charm for a while. The last time I saw him he said he'd given it to his wife."

Names of Flowers.

It is interesting to know how certain flowers got their names. Many were named after individuals. For instance: Fuchsias were so-called because they were discovered by Leonard Fuchs. Dahlias were named for Andre Dahl, who brought them from Peru. The camellia was so called for a missionary named Kamel, who brought some magnificent specimens of the flower to France from Japan. He called it the rose of Japan, but his friends changed it to Camellia. Magnolias were named in honor of Prof. Magnol de Montpellier, who first brought the beautiful tree to France from America and Asia. Because they trembled with the wind is the meaning of Anemones. The Latin word to wash is lavare and lavender received its name because the Roman put the flowers into the water, when they washed, to perfume their hands.

Toledo Theatres

LYCEUM THEATRE.

Despite the financial scare of last season, the talk of frenzied finance, etc., the big musical show, "King Casey," in which the Rays will appear at the Lyceum, Sunday afternoon for a half week enjoyed a prosperous season. Without doubt it was one of the funniest of the various popular priced musical shows, due not only to the nature of its plot, which allows the players a wide latitude for the introduction of new comedy lines, etc., but to the presence of Johnny and Emma Ray. His rib-tickling laugh and peculiar Johnny Ray shout from the strenuous Johnny Ray lungs quaint backward kick and inimitable grin are a part of anything Ray undertakes, and sure laugh getters. The musical numbers are numerous—new and catchy, and a company of fifty support the Rays. Matinees will be given on Sunday and Tuesday.

Mortimer M. Theis's "Wine, Woman and Song" that successful musical comedy which played to packed houses at every performance last season will be the attraction at the Lyceum Thursday afternoon for a half week with the same incomparable cast headed by that beautiful and talented actress "Bonita." The curtain rises on a scene laid in Newport, R. I., the home of Genevieve Astorbilt, who is giving a dinner party in honor of her birthday. She has engaged all the leading stars of the day to entertain the guests on the lawn. While the guests are at dinner the artists arrive and in this act all the well known actors and actresses are satirized and travestied on some of the big acts in the reigning successes of the time are seen.

Bonita, the star, is young, handsome and wonderfully talented. Her impersonation of the Gibson girl is perfect. One of the big hits in the show is a travesty on Elinor Glyn's famous book "Three Weeks" by Bonita and Lew Hearn. This offering is in fact one of the most amusing that has ever played this city.

BURT'S THEATRE.

A prominent divine once said that everyone could find a good moral sermon in a worthy play, and advices from the East tell us we can look for a meritorious performance in "The Cow-Puncher" which opens a half week's engagement at the Burt on Sunday afternoon. Hal Reid, who has written more successful plays than any other author is its sponsor. It is a tale of life in Arizona and Mr. Reid has cleverly blended the rugged denizen of the plains into a delightful romance. He has taken that which is noblest and best in the man, Tom Lawton, whose only schooling has been the saddle, and gun and his innate sense of right and wrong and developed him into a hero, grand, inspiring, standing a man among men in his simple strength of mind, and muscle, and when Geraldine Graham, the heroine, fresh from New York seeing him for the first time, exclaims, "Nature molded the type and called him American," she sounds the keynote of his character. A most excellent cast has been provided and Manager Tierney expresses confidence that the S. R. O. sign will have frequent use during its engagement.

"The Montana Limited," a big scenic show, opens at Burt's, Thursday matinee.

They Take The Kinks Out.

"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for many years, with increasing satisfaction. They take the kinks out of stomach, liver and bowels, without fuss or friction," says N. H. Brown, of Pittsfield, Vt. Guaranteed satisfactory at Wm. Comstock & Son's drug store. 25c.

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Grammatically Speaking. He—Can you explain to me the difference between "shall" and "will"? For example, if I say: "Will you marry me?" should you reply, "I shall" or "I will"? She (coldly)—I should reply: "I won't."—Home Herald.

As Elsewhere. The City Man—And what do you think of London? The Man from Klondike—Why, I thought it was a mining town when I first struck it. Somebody's digging in every street.—The Sketch.



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Maumee South—7:55 a. m., 9:55 a. m., 11:55 a. m., 1:55 p. m., 3:55 p. m., 5:55 p. m., 7:55 p. m., 9:55 p. m.

Bowling Green, South—8:18 a. m., 10:18 a. m., 12:18 p. m., 2:18 p. m., 4:18 p. m., 6:18 p. m., 8:18 p. m., 10:18 p. m.

Bowling Green, North—6:16 a. m., 8:16 a. m., 10:16 a. m., 12:16 p. m., 2:16 p. m., 4:16 p. m., 6:16 p. m., 8:16 p. m., 10:16 p. m.

Toledo, Bowling Green & Southern Traction Co. Time Card

South Bound—First car leaves faunee at 7:11 a. m., Eagle Junction at 7:17 a. m., arriving at Bowling Green at 7:42 a. m., and every two hours thereafter. The last car leaving Maumee at 1:11 a. m. (night).

North Bound—First car leaves Bowling Green at 5:18 a. m., Eagle Junction at 5:43; Maumee, 5:49 a. m., every two hours thereafter until 11:18 p. m.

The Toledo & Maumee Valley Ry. Co.

Ly-East	Tl-East	Flung-East	Flung-West	Ma-East	North
5 24	4 29	4 44
6 00	5 15	5 29
6 48	5 42	6 03	6 08
.....	6 00	6 56
7 12	6 24	7 44
7 36	6 24	7 12	6 51	6 56
8 00	6 48	7 29	7 44
9 12	7 12
9 12	7 12	8 00	8 27	8 32
10 00	8 00	8 48	9 15	9 20
10 48	8 48	9 36	10 03	10 08
11 12	9 12
11 36	9 36	10 24	10 51	10 56
12 24	10 24	11 12	11 39	11 44
1 12	11 12
1 12	11 12	12 00	12 27	12 32
2 06	12 00	12 48	1 15	1 20
2 48	12 48	1 36	2 03	2 08
3 12	1 12
3 36	1 36	2 24	2 51	2 56
4 24	2 24	3 12	3 39	3 44
5 12	3 12	4 00	4 27	4 32
5 12	3 12	4 48	5 15	5 20
6 00	4 00	5 12	6 02	6 08
6 48	5 36
7 12	4 48	6 51	6 56
7 36	5 12	7 29	7 34
8 24	5 36	6 24
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9 12	6 24	7 12	8 27	8 32
10 00	7 12	9 15	9 20
10 48	7 12	8 00	10 03	10 08
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